

RHODA ROLAND.

A Woman from the West in Washington.

The True Story of a Lady Stenographer in Search of a Situation.

By H. S. SUTTON.

PARTICIPANTS.

RHODA ROLAND—All roads leads to Rome—and office.
M. B. PLEASANTON, one of the Magnates of the Stocking Row.
QUINN STIVERS, Rhoda's married friend, ready to assist in a good cause.
TOM BAXTER, bred in "Bohemia" and never got out of it.
MRS. EDENWORTH, room-mate of Rhoda.
JUDGE BARNSTABLE, M. C., twist devil and the deep sea.

CHAPTER XIV.

AN EVENING IN BOHEMIA.

Friday afternoon, after putting a few touches to my toilet, the while wondering what programme Mr. Stivers had in store for me, I repaired to the G street dining-room. I had just finished telling him of his striking the bull's eye in his guess that the word "Arey" was the cable address of Vera's father, when Mr. Baxter entered and took a seat at our table. I was half sorry to see him, for the reason I did not fathom how I would diplomatically communicate the fact to him that this particular evening I intended, per prior engagement, to devote to Mr. Stivers. While waiting, Mr. Baxter said, "Anything on your schedule for to-night, Stivers?" to which that gentleman replied, to my surprise, "No; I believe not."

He was evidently, I thought, endeavoring to conceal the fact from Mr. Stivers that we had set aside this particular evening for our entertainment. "Suppose I play the part of a guide for an evening in Bohemia," suggested Mr. Baxter.

It was my turn now. "There are two things that have never fallen to my lot," I said. "One of them is a whole house in Bohemia, and the other is to have a Bohemian by all means!" and I glanced impudently in the direction of Mr. Stivers. I failed to catch his eye, and Mr. Baxter continued:

"One evening I met a dream in blue. I was willing to give a tenner, to a lady who should select the place of amusement for the evening. After a moment's thought, she asked, 'How does the flying horse hit you?' Now, when I ask you to run your eye down those two columns and take your choice, don't pick the flying horse, and he passed me over a copy of the Evening Times.

I saw the headlines—River View, Glen Echo, Academy, Lafayette, and Lyceum. Why, that's the same name as the hall I made up for the judge when he was running for Congress; that's where I made my hit with Light Horse Harry Lee.

"Let it be the Lyceum," I said, inditing with my thumb-nail as I handed him back the paper.

The gentlemen exchanged glances. "I am afraid you will be obliged to make another selection. The Lyceum—better known as Kernan's—is a male audience," said Mr. Stivers.

"It is a variety show," said Mr. Baxter. "You may find one or two good specialties; but I take it you will have a surfeit, and be glad to retire long before the burlesque is reached. We can secure seats in a box without passing through the audience. Stivers, being a sedate married man, if seen there would immediately be placed in the high roller column. As for yourself, a business man would be apt to think twice before he employed a lady he saw in a box at Kernan's the night before. However, leave the details to me. I'll be back in the fraction of a minute," and he stepped up to the cashier's desk.

"What becomes of our evening?" said Mr. Stivers.

"Now, please," said I, "don't object. This one, like the resolutions of Rip Van Winkle, won't count. I'll make it two even if you don't measure if you will let this go." I said, as Mr. Baxter returned to his seat.

He held in his hand two manila envelopes he had secured from the cashier.

"You going to send them a note telling them we are coming?" I asked.

"Oh, no; I am going to fix Stivers up with these. At the same time I'll diagnose you so your mother won't recognize you," he added, as with his fork he extracted the cork from the ketchup bottle, dropping it in his pocket.

"We'll need that in our business."

The clock on the Pally stood at 7:35 as we left the dining-room. "Pally, I will state, is the shop girl's name for the Palais Royal dry goods house."

We proceeded south. At the corner of Thirteenth and the Avenue, seeing Mr. Baxter keeping on Thirteenth, Mr. Stivers asked, "Why don't you go down Pennsylvania Avenue?"

"I want to patronize a store just here. All the others are closed long ago," was his reply.

He entered a small notion store at the northwest corner of D and Thirteenth streets.

"I want a black ladies' veil, or rather, a veil for a black lady; no, a black veil for a white lady," said Mr. Baxter. "I would like to have Mrs. R. step to the glass and put it on," he continued to the woman behind the counter, as he paid for his purchase.

The woman lit a gas jet in the rear of the little store.

"Now," said Mr. Baxter, "allow me for the nonce to be your hair-dresser. Take a seat, Stivers, it's your turn next."

Mr. Stivers sat on the edge of a dry goods box, and I removed my hat. Mr. Baxter brought a long lock of my hair in front of each ear and then deftly secured the veil so that the end rested on the tip of my nose.

"Now for the crowning feature," he said.

My hat was a purple felt. He pinned one side up and combed the feathers the reverse way on the other, making them occupy as much space as possible. Placing it rakishly on my head, he said, "My love's a pirate queen! Now look in the glass," he said, as he spun me around facing it. He was right. My own mother never would have recognized me.

"Now, Stivers!" said Mr. Baxter; and in front of the glass he combed a goodly portion of Mr. S.'s hair to the front on each side. Then he held the cork he had taken from the table in the gas jet.

"That's better!" he yelled, dropping it.

wasn't so good natured I wouldn't disturb her. We will follow you right on up. You come with the answer to the ladies' annex to the Albion, corner Eleventh and E. You knew where it is?"

"Yes," said the boy. "But you mean the Albion."

"No; I mean the Albion."

"Albino is the word; Albino means white."

"And Albion means white, too. But we won't discuss that. You get up to the dining-room by the time we do."

"Yes," said Mr. Baxter, "I believe nearly every lady in my circle of friends uses that form of sending a note—that of transposing the address and the signature, and using only the initials. I formerly told my friends if they wanted me right bad—that it was imperative I should put in an appearance—to merely inclose a piece of paper in an envelope, blank with the exception of their residence or business number down in the corner, and that carefully folded over. One night, about the outbreak of the late scrimmage with Spain, I met a little Spanish refugee over by the camp. She came pretty near being all right. I got three or four good items from her, so I told her when she wanted to see me to put a blank piece of paper in an envelope, her number down in one corner, and get it to the address I gave her. I got to my room in the flats late a few evenings thereafter, and there was a letter under the door. I opened it, and lo! the exception of 'No. 1' down in the corner. What do you suppose that meant?"

"Mr. Stivers is the detective of the party. Let him answer."

"Possibly that you should look out for her; that she was No. 1; although you must have been at a loss, from that address, where to locate her."

"I rode down town on my wheel, and finally concluded to try No. 1 police station. Spanish girls will carry a silletto, and a cop took out of her waistband the prettiest little knife you ever laid eyes on—a regular toy. It took all the persuasive powers at my command, ably assisted by the reporter force of the Times and Post, to assure the officer in charge that the girl was entirely harmless."

We left the theater via the postoffice route, and made our way to the Albion.

"Let us have some chicken sandwiches," said Mr. Baxter to the young man in charge.

"Three sandwiches and three coffee," he inquired.

"No; about two dozen sandwiches in a sack."

"You'll have to wait a few moments. We haven't got that many made up."

"And you might put in a couple of pies. I believe the lady is partial to mince pie. Make it mince."

While we were waiting for the order to be filled the messenger boy came into the room. He was dripping wet.

"Did somebody turn the hose on you?" said Mr. Baxter, as the boy handed him the note.

"No; but ain't you agoin' to give me a quarter?"

"What for?"

"For gittin' wet."

"Heavens! I didn't tell you to get wet."

Mr. Baxter passed me over the note as he shouldered the bundle of provisions I read:

"Z. L. Mr. Baxter's friends are my friends."

"I was positive it would be O. K. I wanted to send the note so Zaida would have time enough to put up her back hair. Before we start, Stivers, step over there to the looking-glass and remove your sideburns." Which he forthwith proceeded to do.

Going up Eleventh street, we soon found ourselves at the rooms of Miss Zaida Lybrand, whom Mr. Baxter described as a blonde and a palmeto, and the best girl in the world. On introduction, the lady said she had met Mr. Stivers; that they had taken their meals at the same dining-room.

When we were seated, Miss Lybrand said to Mr. Baxter:

"I could kill you."

"Why? for coming up here this hour of the night?"

"No; for telling that boy to yell 'Squint.' I was sound asleep in the next room. I was awakened by some one out there in the hall yelling 'Squint!' 'Squint!' I recognized 'Squint' as being my nickname for you, but was pretty certain you were not in the neighborhood, although I believe I did forget to look under the bed," she laughed. "Anyhow, I jumped into a wrapper and opened the door just enough to see a messenger boy waving a bicycle lamp at each door in turn and continuing his call for 'Squint!' I seized the water pitcher, and if he missed any of its contents I am not to blame. Then I scabbled him and pulled him into the room. So unexpected was his ducking he was all a tremble."

"I thought I'd impose on your good nature. I wanted you to meet Mrs. Roland. I was not aware Mr. Stivers and yourself possessed a prior acquaintance. Glad to hear it. After we have something to eat, I am going to have Mr. Stivers recite a piece of poetry I was telling Mrs. Roland about. In fact, each of us in turn might favor. This may be a new species of performance to you," he added, turning to me, "but you will doubtless find little trouble in keeping up your end."

"I had nearly forgotten our bundle of provisions," said Mr. Stivers, "with which Mr. Baxter had sufficient forethought to provide us. I guess that pie is sufficiently minced by this time."

"Now, if you gentlemen will excuse as a moment we ladies will step in the next room and make some changes in our toilet."

I followed Miss Lybrand into the adjoining room, when she turned up the gas over the dresser with "Zaida's something black on your upper lip."

There was something black all over my face. Mr. Baxter had arranged my hair, I remembered, after he had made me burnt-cork whiskers for Mr. Stivers. Every time the floating braids, swept by the wind, touched my cheek they left their mark. I had produced a wash my face she continued the conversation, at the same time changing her dress.

"Let me comb your hair my way—professional style, eh?" said Miss Lybrand. "Anybody with a high forehead and temples, such as you possess, ought to be proud of them and not comb your hair over in front. Sweep it back like that. Now, wait a minute for me."

She completed her toilet. I had met her before, I was certain, somewhere. She had dark, half-gypsy features; an eye that appeared to alternately welcome and repulse you. But that garment she was wearing around her caught my eye. It was a wrapper—a double-breasted affair, reaching to the floor; black silk component, with pink lining. It fitted her, as the Hebrew would say, "Like ze paper on ze vell."

(To be continued.)

EX-CONVICT YERKES

The Chicago Millionaire Now in London.

AN ENGLISH PEN PICTURE

And Some Introductory Remarks by The Globe on This Celebrated Convict, Chicago Newspapers, Kohlsaat, McAuliff, the President, and Other Irrelevant Topics All Grouped in a Complete Composite Picture.

The following pen portrait of Mr. Yerkes, the great street railway magnate, who is revolutionizing the London rapid transit system, was sent a New York newspaper by its English correspondent.

Whether the correspondent was aware that Mr. Yerkes, late of Chicago, is an ex-convict, the Globe is not advised. It is inferred, however, that the English writer is in ignorance of the fact that Yerkes would have paraded it as an object-lesson.

Mr. Yerkes illustrates in his person some of the features we have been pointing out in our "Prison Reform" papers, viz: the class of men who sometimes, and lately more often than ever before, get into our State prisons.

The Globe knows many of the Yerkes type at liberty now who wore the stripes, and while not as prominent as the great Philadelphia-Chicago millionaire, they are, nevertheless, fairly well off and engaged in enterprises varying from brokers in New York City to conducting large manufacturing enterprises.

Mr. Yerkes was sentenced to five years in the penitentiary and served the greater portion of his sentence. He is not subjected to any particular ostracism, although his crime was embezzlement, either in England or the States, at present, his name is as described by the correspondent, his many millions, made since his release a few years ago from a Pennsylvania prison in Chicago Traction and street railway enterprises are the open sesame to the best society in London, where his wife, by the way, is ambitious to shine as a social leader.

He was decidedly snubbed in Chicago by the Mrs. Potter Palmers (whose husbands ought to have been in the penitentiary) of the select circles of the Windy City. Mr. Yerkes is the proprietor of the later-Ocean newspaper property of that city, which he purchased from Kohlsaat, the man who saved President McKinley from decided embarrassment at the time of his promiscuous endorsement of notes, for a get rich quick Ohio firm, of which the President was interested and participant in boosting. Kohlsaat was rewarded by the President, who made his brother Judge of the U. S. Court in Chicago. Kohlsaat himself was not qualified to fill a high position, as he is a pie baker by trade, although moving at present with a newspaper property he has about wrecked, called the Times-Herald, and edited by an Irishman named McAuliff, but who insists on spelling it McAliff to please Kohlsaat, no doubt. Here is the Englishman's pen picture of Yerkes, which had almost been forgotten in our reminiscences:

"The arch-millionaire interests me; and I sit down to the study of him with strange and absorbed curiosity. When I first saw Mr. Yerkes enter the hall of the house where I met him I was at once pleased and surprised. I had heard so much of the relentless resolution, audacity and multifarious victories associated with his name that I could scarcely believe that this was the dread and dreaded man whom so many had tried to beat, who had won through to Jacksonville, and who had over so many wrecks of competition, hatred, envy, popular hatred and condemnation. For there have been few men of his time, even in America, who have had more bitter enemies—have fought more terrific fights. In 1886 he came to Chicago from Philadelphia, unknown and not very rich; last year, when he left it with millions in his pockets, he had practical control of every tramway line in it, scores of miles with their millions of passengers. And for every day of all the fourteen years that he had been engaged in this gigantic work he had been called every name in the vocabulary of abuse; he had been fought, assailed, vilified. A man rather below the middle height, with a heavy nose, a small, thin, pale complexion, with that slight tendency toward an enlarged girth that comes with middle age; with white hair, with fine dark eyes, and with a soft voice and a subdued manner—such is Mr. Yerkes. The first, indeed, the supreme and most lasting impression that he makes upon you, is serenity. He comes, I believe, of Quaker blood, and the face is a Quaker face; with that 'quietism' which is and always remains the expression of the man of woman who has begun life amid the prolonged silence and the stern self-discipline and self-control of the Society of Friends. The voice—soft, low, never raised above a minor key—is in perfect accord with the expression, and the eyes—with their curious immobility and a certain sweetness and just the least touch of mocking humor—complete this picture of one of those silent, quiet, iron men that rule the storm and ride the cyclone in the elemental and Titanic wars of American history.

"The pallor of the complexion, ivory in its intensity, still indicates, not fragility—a certain distinction and refinement as of a man who has always exercised severe self-restraint and who has never poisoned his system and colored his cheeks with the fumes of the opium pipe, and McAuliff is indeed a man who has sternly controlled himself. He never takes tea or coffee, and he never smokes, though he may be tempted into a couple of glasses of champagne at dinner."

"And yet, in the expression of supreme serenity, you can not be with the man for more than half an hour without becoming conscious of all the iron strength that there is behind the ivory cheek, the soft brown eye, the low voice. He speaks slowly with something of the characteristic American drawl; and he seems much more disposed to listen than to talk—unless he finds that the atmosphere is sympathetic and appreciative, and that he can reveal his inner self."

"And then you do hear talk worthy listening to. Cold, easy, with every word coming slowly, and with every word coming out as clear cut as if fitted to the word that has preceded and will follow, as though he were making a mosaic of jewels. Mr. Yerkes tells the tale of his life, of his con-

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DR. WHITE'S ELECTRIC COMBS

Herewith is a sample of general public opinion where these combs have been introduced. Part of an article that appeared in the Western Trade Journal, January 23, 1900, printed at Chicago:

A GENUINE NOVELTY.

It is interesting to note that fortunes are frequently made by the invention of articles of minor importance. Some of these are invented solely for safety and convenience, and when really meritorious, gain extraordinary popularity and are sold by the thousands. Many of these articles evince much inventive and mechanical skill and their success depends on the interest they excite. Among the most popular devices are those designed to benefit people and meet popular conditions, and one of the most interesting of these that has ever been introduced is the Dr. White Electric Comb, the name of which affords an indication of its character. This device is as valuable as it is novel, and is full of satisfaction to all. Thousands of these Electric Combs have been sold in the various cities of the Union, and the demand is constantly increasing. Lovers of convenience and health admit the superiority of Dr. White's Electric Comb over everything of the kind now before the public. It is new, practical, durable and is just what every one has long desired. Not only is the Dr. White Electric Comb a source of satisfaction to all, but it is among the few things on the market that does more for the manufacturer than for the consumer. It has made him feel "ten years younger," because it has saved him from headaches and nervous conditions which before its use had been almost unbearable and had aged her perceptibly.

From present indications this novelty will prove to be a money-maker, and at the same time one of the most interesting ever introduced.

Will be sold for a short time at exactly half price by advertising agents, employed by the firm to introduce these wonderful Combs.

The conditions are these: After you have given the combs a fair trial, if they prove satisfactory, you agree to recommend them to your friends, but if they don't give perfect satisfaction, you agree to return the comb you bought and a written guarantee that is given you, to the firm, or to the agent you bought of, and the price you paid for the comb will be cheerfully refunded.

WHAT THE COMBS WILL DO: POSITIVELY CURES DANDRUFF, HAIR FALLING OUT, SICK AND NERVOUS HEADACHES, and makes straight hair curly in from twenty-five to forty days' time (unless a brush is used in connection with the comb). The combs are the most wonderful and valuable article ever placed before the people. The doctors everywhere are recommending them.

We could give hundreds of testimonials from the people who have used them, but we realize that the best testimonials would not be half as effective or convincing as a fair trial for our goods, and in order to induce the people to give them a trial we are selling a limited number of them at prices that any intelligent person realizes that they take no chances to lose, but everything to gain. In appearance these combs are very similar to an ordinary aluminum comb, but are of a much smoother finish, and are much more elastic.

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fiets, of his enemies, of his friends, and often leaving these behind, he sums up his theory of the world and his lessons from life in some anecdote told with brevity, with out a superfluous word, in a quiet but expressive gesture—above all, with full appreciation of the dramatic points."

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